

# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 4

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

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### A STRIP OF BLUE.

I do not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine,—  
The orchard and the mowing fields,  
The lawns and gardens fine.  
The winds my tax-collectors are,  
They bring me tithes divine,—  
Wild scents and subtle essences,  
A tribute rare and free;  
And, more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps for me  
A glimpse of blue immensity,—  
A little strip of sea.  
  
Richer am I than he who owns  
Great fleets and argosies:  
I have a share in every ship  
Won by the inland breeze  
To loiter on yon airy road  
Above the apple-trees.  
I freight them with my untold dreams,  
Each bears my own picked crew;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew,—  
My ships that sail into the East  
Across that outlet blue.  
  
Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—  
The people of the sky,—  
Guests in white raiment coming down  
From heaven, which is close by.

I call them by familiar names,  
As one by one draws nigh.  
So white, so light, so spirit-like,  
From violet mists they bloom!  
The aching wastes of the unknown  
Are half-reclaimed from gloom,  
Since on life's hospitable sea  
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness  
With nothing else in sight:  
Its east and west, its north and south,  
Spread out from morn to night;  
We miss the warm caressing shore,  
Its brooding shade and light.  
A part is greater than the whole,  
By hints are mysteries told.  
The fringes of eternity,  
God's sweeping garment-fold,  
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,  
I reach out for and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,  
Float in upon the mist;  
The waves are broken precious stones,  
Sapphire and amethyst,  
Washed from celestial basement walls,  
By suns unsetting kissed.  
Out through the utmost gates of space,  
Past where the gray stars drift,  
To the widening Infinite, my soul  
Glides on, a vessel swift,  
Yet loses not her anchorage  
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;  
The threshold of God's door  
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;  
Now the vast temple floor,  
The blinding glory of the dome,  
I bow my head before.  
Thy universe, O God, is home,  
In height or depth, to me;  
Yet here upon thy foot-stool green  
Content am I to be,  
Glad when is opened to my need  
Some seal-like glimpse of thee.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

## OVERCOMING THE WORLD.

The process of overcoming the world is not only natural, it is also joyous. The joy of overcoming, of holding one's place against the antagonisms of nature, of holding one's self in poise and steadiness, is virile, healthy, and good.

To name a danger is to call for volunteers, whether it be a North Pole to be discovered, a Dark Continent to be explored, a savage tribe to be conquered, a dangerous disease to be mastered, or a threatening sin to be rooted out. The result is zest, enjoyment, cheerful strength, active interest in the business of life.

I wish, I can, I will,—these are the notes of victory that stir young blood and make life worth living.

But if life be free, if one must hold himself erect and steady by exercise of his will, if one must make choice and put forth his power in order to win, then sometimes he must lose. In any contest, defeat must be the contingency, else there could be no victory. Who would care for the race, the game, the battle, of which the result was certain and the victory secure?

Neither in the contest with the outer world nor in the balancing of the forces within can the issue always be controlled.

The confident "I will," which was the trumpet-call in youth and strength, still has power. In sickness, weariness, and sorrow, the cheerful "I will" often avails. It proves some things, which we thought to be final disaster, to be unreal and imaginary. Other troubles that are real it disperses by arousing all the powers of the inner life. It often reveals to one unexpected resources. But, after all, there remain the things which are inevitable and unwelcome, but which cannot be evaded or avoided or successfully resisted. Now and then the balance will be disturbed within, so that we cannot stand firmly on our feet. Sometimes we shall encounter that without us which will be too much for our strength or courage. As we look forward, we see events surely to come which we would gladly avoid and cannot. There are disasters, troubles, and anxieties connected with sickness, old age, and death which are too much for us. We cannot overcome them. They attack us through our affections, in the persons of our friends.

The resolute "I can" and "I will" of the earlier time is not now enough.

The process is still natural. It is not joyous. But of it we still say, "It is good"; and afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Now the process of overcoming takes on a new aspect. It is carried into the citadel of the life itself. The deepest powers are engaged. The contest is for victory or defeat, which will be final and decisive. Now what?

Divide and conquer. While we cannot successfully resist the events themselves, the evil consequences of them we can resist. Hear what Plato says: "Wherefore our battle is immortal; and the gods and angels fight with us, and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts. And the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of the gods."

The evil effects, then, of the inevitable troubles of life we may overcome. They are doubt, suspicion, fear, and the unbelief of a hardened heart. They are the loss of confidence in the essential goodness of the power behind the event. Greatest of all disasters is loss of the trust that underneath are the Everlasting Arms. The consequences we can resist.

Of the events themselves we say as did Jesus, when he came to the drinking of the bitter cup, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." "My will has done all that human will can do. I have come to the bitter cup. Oh that it might pass! But, nevertheless, not my will, but thine." Now in such a strait how can we overcome the world? We sometimes overcome by yielding. We conquer by giving up. We win the victory by lying down.

Here, again, let the little child teach us. In his contention with the earth, some time between the rising of the sun and the going down thereof, there will come an hour when the energy poured out of the brain will be less than the pull of the earth. The child grows weary of the contest, but the earth continues to draw. One limb after another gives way. The hand falls, the head sinks, the eyelids droop; and at last in beautiful surrender and drowsy content the child



sleeps. Then begins that miracle of recreation. For out of earth and air and food and drink the child takes in new strength, and with the morning the baby awakes refreshed and strengthened by giving up to that which it could not successfully resist. So we, the burden being too great, lie down and give up; and then is fulfilled the ancient saying, "He gives his beloved good things while they sleep." As I speak, I see a strong swimmer breasting a current too powerful for him to resist. At last, wearied with his effort, he turns and floats; and the tide that he cannot resist bears him safely along.

First, then, the triumphant tone and the overcoming. These make the delight of the common life. Then the advance to a higher conflict. Then we conquer by giving up to a higher will.

Now there comes in a new set of virtues, — patience, resignation, fortitude, faith, hope, confidence in something great enough to command our love and loyalty and submission. It is a sign not of weakness, but of greatness, to come to the place where one can surrender to the Supreme Will.

When one has planned the best that human wisdom can devise, when he has carried out his plans with energy and resolute purpose, then, when the human will has done all that it can do, it is dignified by submission to the Supreme Will. That submission is not defeat: it is supreme and final victory. When one can see and know that his finite plans and purposes and that upon which he has exerted his will — having reached their finite limit — are now taken up into the plans and purposes of infinite wisdom, the final submission becomes the most dignified act of which a human being is capable. Jesus never appeared in the true grandeur of his perfect manhood so long as he seemed to be fulfilling his own will. He never rose to his full stature until in this final act of submission he showed that his own will and purpose had become identical with the Supreme Will and Goodness. In that act of submission he showed that he had overcome the world. In the days that came after, when the disciples, poor, friendless, and in exile, met in his name, they thought of him not as defeated and destroyed. They repeated to one another as a message from him, "Be of good

cheer: I have overcome the world." In all the ages since, those who have caught the spirit of this message out of a confidence which tribulation could not quench have answered, "I am of good cheer, for I have overcome the world." — *George Batchelor.*

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### THE STILL HOUR.

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I worship thee, sweet will of God,  
And all thy ways adore;  
And, every day I live, I long  
To love thee more and more.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For man on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost:  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong  
If it be his dear will.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed will!  
For all my cares are thine:  
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

— *Faber.*

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Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward: we see and feel well his setting; but we shall read the print yonder, in the life to come. — *Martin Luther.*

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The waves forever move;  
The hills forever rest.  
Yet each the heavens approve;  
And Love alike hath blessed  
A Martha's household care,  
A Mary's cloistered prayer.

— *John B. Tabb.*

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Looked at aright, sorrow is God's shadowy angel who comes to us with his arms laden with some of the richest gifts for the human spirit that man can receive or heaven bestow. The only question in the case is, Will we receive them? Or will we take the pain, and refuse the healing? — *J. T. Sunderland.*

Faith in God involves such a sense of the divine goodness and righteousness as assures the heart of the ultimate triumph of good throughout the whole empire of God. The cry of passionate desire, "Thy kingdom come," is immediately followed by the word of patient and hopeful resignation, "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth."—*Philip Moxom.*

It is only religion, the great bond of love and duty to God, that makes any existence valuable or even tolerable. Without this to live were only to graze. Without this the beauties of the world are but splendid gewgaws, the stars of heaven glittering orbs of ice, and, what is yet far worse and colder, the trials of existence profitless and unadulterated miseries.—*Horace Bushnell.*

#### THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.]

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books and sheet music are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem, Mass. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. New correspondents will please send reference with first request. "Six Months at the White House with Lincoln," F. B. Carpenter; "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," E. E. Eggleston; "Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39," F. A. Kemble; "Carriston's Gifts, and Other Stories," H. Conway; "Notes on England and Italy," Mrs. N. Hawthorne; "The Women of Christendom"; "Hymns of Faith and Hope," H. Bonar, D.D.; "Life of Gustavus Adolphus, Hero of the Reformation"; "Life of Oliver Cromwell," F. L. Hawes; "Rameses the Great, or Egypt Three Thousand Three Hundred Years Ago"; "Dairyman's Daughter, and Other Tales," published by American Tract Society; "The Gayworthys," Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

#### Songs.

"Why did we Meet, why did we Part?" "Let me Dream Again," A. Sullivan; "Lon-

don Bridge," J. L. Molloy; "Poor Little Swallow"; "Ask me no More," G. P. Kimball; "Vorrei Morire"; "Because of Thee"; "Ruby"; "Come unto Me"; "Some Day"; "Blue Eyes"; "Sing, Birdie, sing"; "What will you do, Love?" "I wandered by the Brookside"; "With Newer Strings my Mandolin"; "Night Dews are falling"; "If I were You"; "The King's Minstrel"; "Esmeralda"; "I hear the Wee Bird singing"; "So the Children say"; "The Flower of Love lies Bleeding"; "The Love Chase"; "The Angel at the Window"; "Dame Nightingale"; "Slumber on, Baby Dear"; "Ye Merry Birds"; "Midje"; "La Notte è Bella"; "Sweethearts."

#### Piano.

"Les Deux Anges," Blumenthal; "Awfully Jolly Galop," Arabon; "Argonauts' Galop," Schilling; "The Panic Galop," Streckenholz; "Tarantelle," Moelling; "Illusion" (waltz); "The Last Kiss," Lamotte; "La Fille de Mère Angot" (waltz), Müller; "Les Sirènes"; "Dream Faces" (waltz), Meissler; "My Queen" (waltz), Blumenthal; March, from "Fatiniza"; "Gavotte"; "The Brook," Pope.

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

#### Educational.

"Warren's School Geography" (1884); "My Little Geography"; "Normal Music Course, Second Reader"; Scudder's "History of the United States"; Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States"; Stone's "History of England"; Cleveland's "Compendium of English Literature"; "The Crayfish," Huxley; "Eclectic History of the United States"; "First Thoughts"; "Popular Atlas"; "Handwork and Headwork"; Gallaudet's "Scripture Biography"; Malcom's "Bible Dictionary"; Towne's "Third, Fourth, and Grammar School Readers"; Sargent's "Third Reader"; Dickens's "Child's History of England"; Church's "Calculus."



## Miscellaneous.

"English Men of Letters: Burns, Goldsmith, and Bunyan"; "Russia under the Czars"; Emerson's "Representative Men"; "Works of Epictetus"; Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings"; Guizot's "Essay on Washington"; Ware's "Lectures on Allston"; "Ruskin on Painting"; "Dream Life"; "Light of Asia"; "Selections from Keats's Poems"; "Topics for Sunday-school Teachers," J. Cowper Gray.

## Juvenile.

"Wide-awake Pleasure Book"; "Ups and Downs, All Smiles, No Frowns"; "The Wonderful Fairies of the Sun"; "Babyland"; "Lob-lie-by-the-fire"; "Dandelion Clocks"; "The Peace Egg"; "The Children's Kettledrum"; "New Fairy Tales from Brentano"; "Two Children"; "Annie and Willie's Prayer"; "London Town"; "Childhood Songs"; "Letters from a Cat"; "Red-letter Stories"; "Mr. Rutherford's Children"; "Stories from the Book of Genesis"; "Book of Riddles."

Scott's "Poems"; Eliot's "Essays"; "Familiar Science"; Ahn's "Beginner's French"; "Laws of Ancient Rome"; Hooker's "Natural History"; "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; "Poor Richard's Almanac"; Andrews's "Latin Reader"; Andrews and Stoddard's "Latin Grammar"; "Biography of Thoreau"; Smith's "Business Guide." Address R. T. Holmes, Manchester, Kansas.

## REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

Two or three beginner's text-books on shorthand are asked for by R. T. Holmes, Manchester, Kansas.

The 17th of this month (July) we lost everything we had by fire, in both shop and house. I would especially like to have the address of the lady who is sending the *Silver Cross*, as it was lost, with every letter I had. The keepsakes and treasures of a lifetime are gone, as well as everything else. I would be glad to receive any book, as we have none. Have no choice now. Also back numbers of *The Cheerful Letter*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Household*, *McClure's Magazine*, or any other paper or magazines, and especially anything for children to read and school-books. I will try as before to keep them doing good to some one all the time; and any one may be sure they will be most thankfully received. Mrs. Sarah Gilbert, Richfield, Sarpy County, Nebraska.

I am an orphan girl with very few advantages, and would be glad of any reading, and will gladly pass it on to others. Miss Katie Scarbrough, Pine Grove, Henderson County, Texas.

Mrs. Ellen Howard, 402 Olive Street, Atlantic, Iowa, asks for reading suitable for a boy of eight years.

Mrs. Susie Thompson, Lenora, Kansas, will be thankful for reading for an elderly lady.

Mrs. R. H. Berger, Longford, Kansas, asks for "In His Steps."

Mrs. Sue Carter, Ansonville, North Carolina, would like to have some juvenile reading for her twelve-year-old daughter.

Miss Ollie Panter, Glade Creek, Tennessee, will be very thankful for papers, books, or magazines.

*Youth's Companion* or any reading for children is asked for by Mrs. M. E. Hastings, Sanco, Texas.

I am a poor, almost helpless woman. I write to you for something to read, as it would be so much comfort to me. I love to read novels and magazines. I have only one child, a little girl seven years old. I would love to have some little book for her. My husband is not able to work on the

farm, as he is consumptive and can hardly make a living. I wish I was able to subscribe for *The Cheerful Letter*, but I know it is impossible. One of my friends lent me one to read. I will gladly pass on all you send to some one else who is poor and afflicted. Address Mrs. George G. Brown, Verano, Patrick County, Virginia.

Mrs. Roberts of Tyson, Texas, asks for books, cards, scrap pictures, for her grandchildren and a number of poor orphan children and some invalids. Mrs. Roberts's only comfort and pleasure is in helping others. She has been a widow twenty-one years. Of two sons, one was murdered and the other she has not heard from for six years. Two other children are dead, three daughters are married, and also three orphan children who were raised by her. She lives among many poor people in a cotton-raising country, where there are no free libraries, and many people too poor to even buy school books.

I have received from time to time quite a number of books, for which I am very thankful. And, if it is not asking too much, I would like very much to get a book of music for beginners, as I have a chance for the girl that lives with me to take lessons. She had one quarter; but after the first six lessons the teacher put her on hymns, and they are too hard. (Mrs.) Helen M. Griffey, Sebeka, Minnesota.

Will *The Cheerful Letter* kindly send me current numbers of *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly*? I would like some of the numbers issued in the early part of the year 1899. I am entirely out of reading matter, and I am so dependent upon it. I wish to thank, through *The Cheerful Letter*, all those kind people who sent contributions for my scrap-book. All that had addresses on wrappers I acknowledged. But some had no address, consequently I could only be thankful. *The Cheerful Letter* is doing a noble work. It has been very kind to me. S. Bradford, Jr., Culpeper, Virginia.

I have great reason to be thankful to all my *Cheerful Letter* friends who have been kind enough to send me magazines and other reading matter; and I should be glad if any one would be kind enough to send me books suitable for a Sunday-school, as

I feel that quite a lot of good may be done to the boys and girls here if they had suitable reading, and I shall be glad, indeed, to be able to do a little in this way. We have about forty scholars in our Sunday-school, of all ages; and very few are able to buy books.

Send all mail to Iron Bridge, Ontario, Canada. S. C. Gardiner.

Three years ago an invalid maiden lady living in a town in the State of New York sent a year's subscription to *Sabbath Reading* to Mrs. C. S. Eastman, San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Will the lady kindly drop a postal with her address on it to Mrs. V. A. Lucier, Apartado 16, San Luis Potosi, Mexico?

### THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

#### WHIPPING.

BY ONE WHO WAS WHIPPED.

This is a painful subject, and one which is not often carefully considered. We have two extreme, opposing sides in relation to the subject. The first, with pessimistic sternness, wag their heads, and quote, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," and on every occasion of misdemeanor, without properly weighing the seriousness of the offence or the punishment, angrily seize and whip the child.

The second class, now fast becoming larger than the first,—fortunately or unfortunately it is difficult to say,—disbelieves in any sort of corporal punishment, some from a false idea that it is always wrong to inflict physical pain on a child, some from the selfish motive; namely, that it is painful to themselves to inflict such punishment.

To those who whip without consideration it is hard to speak. They are usually people of poor judgment, ill-trained themselves, and poorly fitted for the responsibilities of a parent. "Let them first school themselves who would school others." If you have a hasty temper, count ten before you speak or act, remembering on every occasion, no matter how trying the circumstances, that your every-day conduct before the child is the pattern by which he is making his own disposition and character. A punishment should always be given in a firm, never in



an angry, manner. It should look to the future good of the child, never to the present gratification of your own ill temper. If the child is spirited, a whipping given in anger or unjustly not only fails of its object, but does the child's disposition positive injury.

Besides those who act hastily, there are those who speak hastily. They are constantly threatening to whip the little one, until it becomes such an empty repetition that the child often does not hear, still less heed it. There should be little need of speaking at any length to those who admit that they do promise more chastisement than they mean to inflict: such a course is so clearly weak and worse than useless. If it thundered constantly, we should not notice it at all. If we rage and threaten continually, it will have no effect, unless, perhaps, the injurious one on the child's opinion of us. I have in mind a widowed woman, of little strength of character, who lived with my mother when I was very small. Every hour in the day she repeated the stereotyped words, "Johnny, I will lick ye." As a matter of fact, the whipping never was given.

Of the second class those who think it is wrong to whip at all are generally those who were severely or ignorantly whipped in their own childhood. This is unfortunate, and shows the reaction in after years of too much whipping. A young man, the father of two pretty children, told me recently: "My father flogged me for every error, as well as all mischief; and I grew up to fear him. My babies shall have a better father than mine: they shall never know a blow."

The above shows two extreme views of the subject. But there is a class between these two ignorant and misguided ones, to which I would have both the others converted.

There are mothers with serene, pleasant faces, loving eyes, patient, quieting voices, who are daily guiding tired, impatient, petulant childhood with a clear understanding of what it should be and a clear perception of what it is not, with a firm determination to guide aright, though it is hard when mother's love so often tempts to indulge and excuse; fathers, too, strong, self-controlled, and well balanced, ready to help,

love, praise, and encourage, but sure to correct with wisdom.

Men and women, fortunate in such early guardians as these, thank with all their hearts the parents who punished the naughty tendencies out of them. I remember only with gratitude to my mother the firm hand and smart "spanking" administered at just the moment when I was about to indulge an angry passion or do a naughty or disobedient deed. He who has gone on through life carrying ugly blemishes of weakness and passion on his character, which only needed a little firm training to eliminate, may well reproach his parents, who so carelessly—yes, I may even say wickedly—neglected the growing character God gave them to mould into a strong, brave, self-possessed, well-balanced man or woman.

A dear old mother I once knew, with three manly boys, told me that she always kept a light with the hanging in sight; and, when any naughty temper was displayed, all that it was necessary for her to do was to *glance* at the wither. The child understood, though not a word was spoken, that his demeanor could be improved; and it was a lesson in self-control just at the time it was needed. Exercised once it is easier exercised a second time; and, if continually practised, it becomes a most valuable habit.

Those who disapprove of corporal punishment adopt some other method. Perhaps it is to rise from work, seize the child by the arm, and drag the unwilling little culprit into a closet, meanwhile exclaiming: "Naughty boy! You shall not come out until you are good." Generally there is more or less screaming or anger. While in the closet, he will perhaps talk pettishly to himself and scream or kick. Is any lesson taught? Is his lesson good or evil? No punishment that does not bring submission or repentance in a little child is a punishment, and rather does injury, as the child loses respect for the person who sought to correct him.

Another mother says: "I brought up eight children. I never scolded little ones, and I never explained 'why.' I said, 'Do this,' and waited calmly till it was done, always with a look that said plainly that I expected and would accept nothing but absolute obedience."

Impatience in your tone will be seen at



once by the child, and, if indulged in, will produce pettishness or at best only unwilling obedience.

Of course, both of the mothers cited above began this firm treatment very early. If any of my readers have already gone too far in indulgence, or have too long turned away from the fact that they are responsible for the characters of their children, let them look to it at once, and with cool, unbiassed judgment. By the way, how hard it is for a mother to look with "unbiassed judgment" at her own flesh and see that there are grievous faults growing daily, and that those around her see it, but dare not hint it to her! Naughtiness grows before we realize it. Faults are very insidious. The first snag to many a mother is some little "whim," a little thing of hardly any consequence, which is so much easier to gratify than to refuse. But you must watch for these whims, the seed of future trouble, and beware of allowing them, else you will waken to the truth some day that you are the victim of a number of foolish caprices, both injurious to the baby and to you.

(To be continued.)

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### HERMIT CRABS.

If a rock pool at Martha's Vineyard or elsewhere along our eastern seacoast be watched when the tide goes out, a number of different sorts and sizes of shells that seem to be dead and empty will be seen scattered over the bottom. If perfect quietness is maintained by the spectator, these shells, one by one, will suddenly come to life, and, throwing out a set of legs and claws, scuttle off at a great rate across the pool. At the slightest motion the legs will disappear, the shell roll over as before, seemingly dead and empty.

On picking it up, the puzzle will be solved; for inside the shell will be found an odd little crab, with his body curved to fit the inside of the curved shell. One of the claws is very large, and the other very small. If it is touched, the creature shrinks still further back into the shell, and resists every effort to pull it out.

Even if a claw be grasped, the animal cannot easily be withdrawn, and clings so

tightly to its home, in most cases, that the claw may be torn away rather than the animal from its hold. It is enabled to hold thus firmly by means of a pair of pincers situated at the end of the tail, which are, indeed, the last pair of legs modified for that purpose, says William Wing Wister, in *Popular Science News*.

All the race of hermit crabs have, indeed, the forepart of the body armed with a stout claw and covered with a hard shell, but end in a long, soft, and utterly defenceless tail or abdomen. This part is not formed for swimming, and the tender skin with which it is covered invites attacks from all the hungry creatures who live in the same waters. So nothing remains to the hermit but to look about him for a place of refuge, which he finds in the deserted homes of other animals, such as whelk, sea snail, and other shells. When the shell he has chosen grows too small for him,—for it must be remembered that the creature grows and the shell does not,—or when by any accident he loses it, the hermit has to go house-hunting. If shells are very scarce, he is easily suited: he will in some cases even put up with a pipe-bowl or a broken bottle. But, if they are plenty, he is very hard to please. Sometimes he fancies a shell that is already occupied by a brother crab, whom he tries to turn out of his house. And then there ensues a fierce and deadly battle. Two crabs fence skilfully with their claws, protecting themselves and threatening their opponent with the same weapon. At last one proves the stronger, and the defeated householder is dragged dying from his home, to be pulled to pieces and eaten by the victor; for such is the case among crabs as well as among many races of savage men. Should the shell he select be an empty one, the crab proceeds to inspect it thoroughly with the greatest care. He takes it up among his legs and tries its weight, he twirls it about, first this way and then that, he probes it with his longest leg, he examines it on all sides. If it does not suit, he tries another. If it does, he whisks his tail out of the old shell and into the new one so quickly that the eye can scarce follow its motion.

Though such a quarrelsome fellow, the crab is capable of lifelong friendships. These, however, are not with fellow-crabs,



but with the beautiful living sea-flower, anemone. We always think of animals having the power of moving from one place to another; but the anemone, though as much an animal as is a cat or dog, is rooted to one spot like a plant, and, left to itself, has little more power of travelling about. Some kinds, however, that have a mind to see a little more of the world, associate themselves with these hermits, take up their abode on the roof of the portable house, and lead an active life. When the crab changes his house, its first care is to transfer his helpless friend to his new abode, which he does very skilfully, and then holds her there with her claws until she can fasten herself securely to his shell. In some cases whole families of similar animals take the place of the singular sea-flower. In one instance this group of living creatures, by budding gradually, cover the entire shell, and not only this, but dissolve the shell, as they have the power to do, leaving no trace of it. As the family increase in number and size with the growth of the crab, he no longer needs to change his dwelling: his home grows as he does, and he finds himself in a living house. Another crab, a Chinese hermit, has an anemone for a door to his house, which, when he retires into his dwelling, shuts him in and keeps guard,—a door and sentinel in one.

Some of these queer crabs live on shore and use land snail-shells and sometimes even nut-shells to live in. The largest and handsomest hermits are found in the tropics, where they live in the strange and beautiful shells that grow there. Some of these crabs are curiously shaped to suit the shell in which they live, and some are brilliantly colored, blue, purple, and red.—*From The Young Idea.*

### AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

#### Animal Hunt.

Find eight animals in the following sentence: I came long ago attracted by Eli. On the cowardly story of the catastrophe being told me, I determined to wait till the mute saw the tenant elope without warning.

#### Conundrums.

1. What is the noisiest out-of-door game?
2. What is the difference between a bird of one wing and a bird of two?
3. Why is the ministry the easiest of the three learned professions?
4. What great miracle is frequently performed in Ireland?
5. What cape would a condemned criminal prefer?

#### Beheadings.

1. Behead a bird and leave a bird.
2. Behead a rivulet and leave a bird.
3. Behead a reptile and leave a necessary article used by carpenters.
4. What country beheaded becomes disagreeable?
5. What flower becomes something black, which is to be red?

#### Charades.

1.

*My first* is a public conveyance,

*My second* a part of spring,

*My third* is very useful,

Although a tiny thing.

*My whole* in Northern forests

Is always a pleasing sight,

Especially when, in autumn,

It fills them with sunset light.

E. P. P.

2.

*My first* receives, but never tells,

The secret of a friend;

*My second* does upon my first

For its success depend.

*My whole* with pain the fair admit,

Yet gladly to receive it sit;

And, whilst they cringe with pain and fright,

They hail my entry with delight.

#### Arithmetical Puzzle.

What number is that to which if you add one-half of it, two-fifths of it, and three-fifths of it, the answer will be one hundred?

#### Answers to Puzzles in August Number.

##### A Summer Garden.

1. Dusty miller. 2. Love lies bleeding.
3. Thyme. 4. Phlox. 5. Four o'clock. 6. Bridal wreath. 7. Deadly nightshade. 8. Box. 9. Life everlasting. 10. Palm. 11.

Foxglove. 12. Maize. 13. Victoria Regina.  
14. Sweet peas.

*Conundrums.*

1. Because when he came to the Rhine he proposed to Bridget.
2. When Joseph's brothers took him out of the family circle and put him in the pit.
3. The wicked flee and the widow's mite.
4. It's a little bit of a nigger (bit of vinegar).

*Charade.*

Hottentot.

*Famous Battles.*

1. Concord. 2. Fair Oaks. 3. Marengo.
4. Bunker Hill. 5. Bannockburn. 6. Balaklava. 7. Bull Run.

*How Many Nails?*

If punctuated rightly, it will be understood.  
Every lady in the land

Has twenty nails. Upon each hand  
Five; and twenty on hands and feet.

Now is this true without deceit.

*Nonsense Numbers.*

Six.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

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LONDON.

I do not think there can be any pleasanter ways of spending a day than wandering among the green spaces of Kew Gardens. To enjoy it thoroughly, the traveller must have a whole day; and the only part not perfectly satisfactory is the journey by metropolitan railroad from London. This is cindery and dusty. But, then, it rejoices the heart to think that for about sixpence so many of the inhabitants of a great noisy city can be transported to such stillness, greenness, and beauty. Those who are in search of rest and solitude may walk far away and sit or stroll through the avenues of large trees at the remote end of the Gardens. The word "garden" is scarcely a descriptive one. It is a large park, something like our Boston Common, but more rural and multiplied indefinitely, and the Public Gardens, also multiplied indefinitely, added to it. It is so large that at one end the visitor in search of perfect solitude may attain it, and spend hours in peace and

tranquillity; while at the other end are the great greenhouses, ponds, three large museums of natural history curiosities, and in one place the old palace of Kew, now empty and uninhabited. At first I thought this was where Miss Burney lived, and was greatly interested, but it proved that that was no longer in existence; and all that can be said of this one is that Queen Charlotte died here, the wife of George III., and Miss Burney's amiable tyrant.

The second day I went to Kew I had had some writing to do, and feared I should have to give up the expedition. Then it occurred to me to take my work with me, and combine duty and enjoyment. Taking my station at the lonely far end of the park, I passed all the morning in this delightful woodland study; and the work was done all the better for the beautiful surroundings. They were making hay near a little cottage belonging to the queen, on the other side of the fence; and the scent perfumed the air. No one disturbed me any more than if the whole place belonged to me. I saw now and then a guardian walking about; but he did not come near me, and it only gave me a sense of protection.

Formerly it was not allowed to give visitors even tea on the grounds; but recently a very good "tea-place" has been established, where luncheon or tea may be obtained. It is rather out of sight; and I met several people, wandering in fruitless quest for it.

The *Victoria regia* and the great palms, are among the sights in the greenhouses, and children find great amusement in feeding the aquatic birds in the ponds. The chief of these are two pelicans and a cormorant.

While in London, I had the great pleasure of seeing Dr. Martineau twice. I saw him last year also; but, as he was then ninety-three, I did not venture to count on seeing him again. It was something to be grateful for to have two conversations with him during this year's visit. At ninety-four his strength has failed somewhat; and he no longer writes, but enjoys reading. He had just been reading Sheldon's little book, "In His Steps," and enjoyed it very much. He is as gentle, gracious, and kindly as ever, reminding me, in this, of our Emerson. As I sat listening to him, I thought of the change that had taken place since 1839,



when he was regarded with dislike and suspicion by those who differed from him theologically; and now he is held in grateful honor and reverence by men of all creeds and denominations, scholars and clergymen, for his inestimable services in defending spiritual religion from the attacks of positivists and materialists. Dean Stanley was an intimate friend of his, and often visited him. It is rarely that one branded in early life as a heretic attains recognition in this life. It seems to me that Martineau owes this not only to his great mental and spiritual gifts, but to the wisdom which caused him to abstain from theological controversy, for which he was, nevertheless, so exceptionally equipped. No blade was so keen as his, but since the days of 1839 it has been sheathed.

In his room he keeps photographs of Dean Stanley and of John Hamilton Thom, between whom and himself existed a lifelong friendship; and I also saw there a pencil portrait of his mother, a very interesting face.

Another interesting experience was visiting the mission of Miss Durning-Smith in East London. Miss Durning-Smith is herself an invalid, although not quite a shut-in. But, as she cannot actually do mission work herself, she supports this mission, receiving every week a report from the superintendent, Mr. Toy. Mr. Toy is a minister, and he and his wife are enthusiastically devoted to their work. I was glad to see that his work was not wholly in the mission house, but that he visited every week the sick in their own homes, to pray with them and comfort them. We chose an evening for our visit when there was a "Mothers' Meeting," and a "Band of Hope" meeting among the children. This is organized and managed by the children themselves,—a wise method and one which gives the members real interest in the work. There must have been fifty or sixty mothers at the meeting. Some had brought a baby with them, not having any one at home with whom to leave it. The members were of all ages. Some looked respectable and intelligent, and some were actually ragged. They were all sewing except, perhaps, those who had a baby to hold. I do not remember how they managed. They all belonged to a postage-stamp savings-bank club. The methods of

this were explained to me, but I did not understand it. The pleasant feature of the evening was planning where to go for their annual outing, a day's excursion. They were asked to choose between Epping Forest, where they drive in "breaks," and a visit to the Crystal Palace, the last being suggested as an alternative, because they had been already more than once to Epping Forest. However, they all preferred the latter. The drive seemed the great attraction. I thought of my two days at Kew within a fortnight, and of all the other rich and full days I had enjoyed lately, and wished that lives were more equal. The only thing that makes it seem right to travel is to gain strength for work. After these various matters were arranged, I was invited to speak to the members. I was very glad to do this, for it seemed to bring us nearer together. After a few words about the great importance of the work intrusted to all mothers, I told them a little about the mothers who are members of our Cheerful Letter Exchange, especially those living in the Far West, on ranches and prairies. That life is so different from anything in England that I thought it would be more interesting than anything else. After the meeting many of the members came up and spoke to Mrs. Toy, and they shook hands with me also. One very pleasant-looking woman asked me if I could find out something about her two sons, who were in "America," and she had not heard from them for years. At first I thought it would be hopeless. But, when I found that one was in a town in Connecticut, I thought it would do no harm to try. So I wrote down his name and shall at any rate make the attempt.

L. F. C.

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What we all want is inward rest,—rest of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraint, for it is strong enough to use God's gifts without abusing them; the character, in a word, which is truly temperate, not in drink and food merely, but in all desires, thoughts, and actions.—*Kingsley.*

## THE BIBLE CLASS.

We resume now the Bible Class lessons on the book of Acts, which have been unavoidably omitted lately.

For the convenience of students we will give a list of the lessons already printed.

May, 1897, Lesson I., contents of the first thirteen chapters.

June, 1897, Lesson II., authorship of book of Acts, Samuel Sharpe.

July, 1897, Lesson III., the theory of Baur, and its modification by his successors (in regard to the book of Acts), James Freeman Clarke.

August, 1897, book of Acts, chapter i.

September, 1897, the day of Pentecost, Farrar's view.

October, 1897, the day of Pentecost, Robertson's view.

November, 1897, chapter ii. (day of Pentecost), considered verse by verse.

December, 1897, Bible class omitted.

January, 1898, chapter iii., healing the lame man.

These back numbers can be sent to any one who desires them, in order to preserve the sequence. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass., until September 30. After that, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The next lesson (in our October number) will be on the fourth chapter of the book of Acts.

The editor invites questions on Bible study. They may be addressed to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

The editor suggests that letters and articles from readers of *The Cheerful Letter* on the subjects treated in "The Mothers' Council" would be helpful. There is much difference of opinion on the subject treated this month, and hints from those who have had personal experience in the best methods of managing children would be valuable.

The editor also invites suggestions from readers in regard to making the paper more useful and helpful. To bring this subject to a point, answers to the following questions may be sent to her by any reader of the paper:—

1. Is there any subject, not treated in *The Cheerful Letter*, which you would like to have included?

2. Which one of the present departments do you find most interesting?

3. Can you suggest any improvement?

Address answers to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, October 6, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the editor, these letters are in some cases postponed, in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

## DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.—Miss Louise Howe, Box 21, Nahant, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.